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# THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



❖ OCTOBER, 1939 ❖

- NORMAN L. MORSE WRITES FOR THE GREAT UNRUSHED
- TWO SHORT STORIES ON FRATERNITY LIFE
- ACTIVITIES FOR THE FRESHMEN

— Twenty Cents —



• WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

## *Eye Witness*

"The U. S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" twenty-two years, and has smoked Luckies for thirteen years.

*Have you tried a Lucky lately?* Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

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AUCTIONS

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

# *Have you tried a Lucky lately?*

# PASSING IN REVIEW

This year's Review is quite a bit different from last year's model. That's the younger generation for you, always changing, never satisfied. But when we are tossed out at the end of four years or less, our changing days are over. Time enough, then, to be conservative. Let us do our changing now. We ain't hoitin' nobody.

We always thought that the Review should have more contact with the readers, so last year we set out privately to make a Gallup investigation of the reader's tastes and opinions. The results were not too exciting. Nobody, it seemed, was inclined to be reticent, except an abused minority who had never heard of the magazine. On the contrary, they all seemed to be only too willing to talk about the Review and tell us why they didn't like it—or why, on occasion, they did like it. Short stories are a poor attempt at sophistication, they said. Short stories are the only thing worth reading, they said. Not enough gag cartoons, they said. Too much childish humor, they said. More serious, they said. Too much Serious Stuff, they said. And so we rolled merrily on from one eager critic to another. One boy even complained that we were running too many advertisements in the magazine and ought to quit it. The business manager could only sputter.

We came back from our survey, ready to drop the whole thing. The chidings of the ready voices had wearied us. We said, pooh-pooh to them and made up our mind to run this thing on as high-handed a scale as possible. We state our policy as one of complete autocracy. You will be able to identify a Review editor now by that suspicious bulge under his left arm-pit. We are ready to defend our editorial offices against any one. Any critic poking his nose around us will be met with a mess of 72-point slugs.

## ● THE TRIUMPH OF THE SINK

We were poking around the corners of the Westinghouse exhibit at the World's Fair when all of a sudden we were hustled into an auditorium for the Battle of the Century. We thought of a two-round tussle between some electrons and protons or maybe it was going to be a technicolor cartoon which we had been seeing lots of. The curtains parted and there on the stage were two women and a man. One woman was a Mrs. Modern in this corner with a rather ordinary-looking gadget called the Westinghouse Dishwasher. In the other corner was Mrs. Drudge, a thin, frowzy-looking woman with a run-of-the-mill sink and a stack of dirty dishes piled up on top of the porcelain. There was an energetic announcer in the middle who seemed to be nervously alive, if anything was ever nervously alive. He bounced around from one side of the stage to the other, introducing the two contestants and starting a race between the two for a supremacy of the kitchen.

Mrs. Drudge started off busily, scrubbing her dishes the honest way and pushing back her hair that was always falling in her face. Mrs. Modern just put her dishes in her washing machine and sat down to read a book. She was much too obvious about the whole thing. The announcer seized upon this bit of ostentatious leisure and rushed over to taunt Mrs. Drudge with the aid of his microphone. The only effect on her was that she broke a glass and cut her finger. While Mrs. Drudge was plugging along, Mrs. Modern put down her book without even marking the page and started to throw the valves so that the soapy water could run out. It might have been divine retribution, but the damned thing wouldn't work. The announcer, who was evidently in the employ of the Westinghouse Company added his bit, ultimately getting his microphone cord tangled in between the legs of the washer, but the soapy water stayed in. Mrs. Drudge, keen woman that she was, kept right on plugging, tortoise-fashion, and started to laugh out loud. The announcer manfully announced that Mrs. Drudge won, much against the wishes of Westinghouse Electric. The announcer started to say that the washer did thirty or forty jobs a day, but by that time the audience was laughing too loud.

## ● MY DEAR GASTON!

When the great carnival at Flushing is all packed away in the attic there will still be the memory of the Lehigh lad who would not a debtor be. This one fellow never liked to owe anybody anything. When he hied himself to the World's Fair, he felt very awkward at receiving those thousands on thousands of pamphlets that the manufacturers there are so quick to press upon one. He came home burdened with pamphlets on washing machines, automobiles, and a great number of work-saving inventions. Wearily he dumped them upon the bed and then he sat down to think. Next weekend he went back to the fair again, and when someone would shove him a leaflet, he pulled out from his pocket a little card and handed it back to the fellow. We know him pretty well and he showed us one of the cards. We had seen it before. With the ethical deletions, it looked like this:

PHONE	Sea Food Real Italian Spaghetti		
<b>'S TAVERN</b> <small>Prop.</small>			
<b>LARGEST GLASS OF BEER IN TOWN</b>			
COR.	&	ST.	BETHLEHEM, PA.

# THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

*Lehigh University*

*Bethlehem, Penna.*

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**October, 1939**

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*The Lehigh Review* is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.

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The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

## PASSING IN REVIEW (Cont'd)

This summer we bummed our way in the deep south with a knapsack on our back. We found that the hardest thing to get used to was the spirited way a Southerner talks to a stranger. Likely as not his first words are a nasty crack. One time, before we were used to this idiosyncrasy of the south, we were trying to maneuver ourself and our knapsack both onto one of the New Orleans trolleys which are not the latest things out. We were standing one leg on the step and one on the floor of the car, reaching down in our pocket for seven cents in change. Without so much as a ding the trolley started off like a jackrabbit and sent us sprawling around the back of the car looking for a decent support. When we finally resumed our equilibrium, the conductor remarked quite wittily that we "looked as clumsy as a ninety-year-old granny." We gritted our teeth and sat down in the first seat we could find just to stew over this. Unfortunately we were sitting in the colored section of the trolley car. Parenthetically we note that in the regions of the south, some people must sit in the front of the car and others must sit in the back—the distinction being one of color, not intelligence. So here we were sitting in the back of the car. The conductor snapped his fingers and pointed mysteriously down to the front of the car until we caught on and lurched down the aisle of the car, swearing to ourself in a rather loud whisper.

### ● "GRAPES OF WRATH"

Once in a while we read Collier's magazine for the sake of light-hearted amusement and just a teeny bit of escape. But now the editors of Collier's think the time has come to crack down on anti-Americanisms. And like everybody else, Collier's has its own idea of what is American and what isn't. (There ARE some people, you know, who think that labor unions are un-American.) So, on the week of September 2, Collier's came out with this editorial on one of the decade's most jarring books. In part, this is what they say:

"But we also think that *The Grapes of Wrath*, as charged by many critics, is propaganda that we trade our system for the Russian system. It is Mr. Steinbeck's or anybody else's privilege to publish such propaganda in this country—which fact is one of the glories of America."

Now if Collier's wants to get so huffy about it, we guess we can, too. So this is what we say:

"John Steinbeck is no more a propagandist for the Russian system than Mrs. Roosevelt. All he says is that the pot is boiling, and if you don't turn out the fire you better get out of the way when the lid goes off. In the book itself it was demonstrated how convenient it was to brand as communistic anybody who felt that his kind deserved a living wage. It is unusual to see such a convincing demonstration of that same trick on such short notice."

It is really considered unethical for one magazine to criticize another like that, but the *Lehigh Review* will do anything for circulation.

# Announcement THE NINE O'CLOCK CLUB

125 EAST 54TH STREET

WILL OPEN FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

at Nine O'clock

**No Cover**

**No Minimum**

**No Location Charge**

for Lehigh University men. You pay for what you order and that is all.

The first five parties, of not more than six persons to each party, entering the Club after 9 P.M., will receive the following discounts on their checks:

90% on the first party, 80% on the second party, 70% on the third party, 60% on the fourth party, 50% on the fifth party.

There will be continuous dance music by two very fine bands, of which one will be American, the other Rhumba.

In case you wish to open a credit account with us, please fill out the credit application below.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Telephone.....

Bank Reference .....

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Name .....

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We respectfully solicit your patronage.

## THE NINE O'CLOCK CLUB

FRED ARMOUR, Manager

## HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



**AL'S NEW CAR** won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny— it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



**HE TOLD AL** to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend always wins! Try a tin!

**New!**  
**CELLOPHANE TAPE** around lid  
seals flavor in . . .  
brings you tobacco  
100% factory-fresh!

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**

**SMOKING TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES**

**UNION MADE**

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

## Pep Talk

The day of the big game dawned clear and cold. Dan Gordon leaped up out of bed. His muscles played freely over his heroic torso. He went to take his brisk morning shower, then dressed carefully, in his everyday clothes.

"Time enough to get down there—I can't wait till I get the old outfit on again," he thought.

Dan Gordon rummaged around and got together his old equipment. "Well, we'll see if old Gridley U. really has something on the ball," he commented grimly to himself.

He walked slowly along the leaf-strewn campus toward the stadium. The crowd was already streaming into the great horseshoe. Its faint murmur was like tonic to his blood. How often had he heard it, how often had he felt the springy turf under his shoes, and known that he was a vital part of that vast pageant and conflict!

Coach Gunripp stood near the Tiger bench. As Dan Gordon passed him, the coach winked. "You've got five minutes, boy," the coach said. Dan Gordon thrilled, his chest muscles tightened. "We'll see what Gridley U. has," he almost snarled. Then he descended the steps leading toward the dressing room.

Five minutes later, Dan Gordon trotted out on the field. Raising his head proudly, he waved his hand toward the roaring crowd.

"Peanuts! Pop Corn! Fi' Cents!" he shouted.

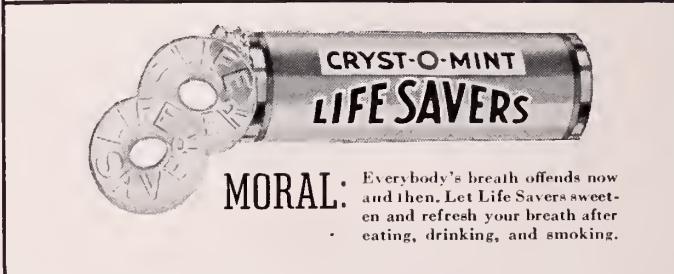
## Shocking

On a train one day, Little Audrey heard a passenger say to the conductor as the trainman punched his ticket, "Good morning, Mr. Glass." But Little Audrey just laughed and laughed. She knew that couldn't be his name, because glass is not a conductor.

—Carnegie Tech Scottie.



On campus, Henry walked alone,  
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.  
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,  
And now he's treated like a prince.





*The OLD MARINER Says*

**PIPE SMOKERS!  
DON'T MISS THIS  
GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER  
TO INTRODUCE A GRAND  
TOBACCO UNEQUALLED  
FOR SMOOTH  
SMOKING!**

**2 - 15¢ Pkgs. OLD MARINER    30¢**

**1 - FLYING-CLOUD BRIAR PIPE    \$1.00**

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**GUARANTEED VALUE    \$1.30**

**ALL FOR 59c  
AT THE SUPPLY BUREAU**

**A product of John Middleton**

**Blenders of fine tobaccos since 1856**



**M**Y father came home late on Sunday evening, walking out into the kitchen to investigate the reason for burning an electric light at this hour of the night. He stopped dead on the threshold of the room. I saw his stricken face and got up from the table hurriedly and introduced Andre. Both of us were more than grimy after the weekend "tear-down." He called me aside and told me to get that cleaned up before my mother came home to suffer the same shock as he had. In a rather uncertain tone he also told me to get myself and Andre cleaned up so that we could both go over and explain ourselves to the neighbors before they tried to do their own explaining.

I don't think my parents had ever been too keen on my joining up with Colonel Sickler's Mighty Monarch Expositions. (That isn't the real name but it follows as closely as possible the mellifluous flow of the original triumph of adjectives.) But when Andre showed up at the neighborhood lawn party, he did a supreme job of pouring oil on the troubled waters. He had black, wavy hair, with little gray feathers at the temples. For the rest, he had an aquiline nose and a flashing smile, heritages probably of his Gallic mother. Andre had a brilliant, winning way with the Hoosiers, which was his name for the local yokels. It is a rather common talent with the carnival crowd, undoubtedly picked up

## FIREMAN'S CARNIVAL

by Edwin H. Klein '42

*Spend two Summers with a Carnival and  
you get to know some unusual People*

from the life of travel and flavored with the cocky attitude you get from outsmarting herds of Reubens every day in the week.

In a matter of minutes, Andre had fascinated the whole bunch of them. In a matter of a few more minutes, the family, the neighbors and Andre were old friends. Andre was operating a grocery "pitch," a familiar sight around the fireman's carnivals we were working. Entirely unknown to Andre, of course, his wheel had a "gaff," or a "gimmick" on it. This little gadget gave Andre the unusual power of being able to stop the wheel just about anywhere he wanted it to. He could almost make it back up. That week Dad had the "lucky" number on two baskets of groceries, and by some curious twist of fortune, the mayor and the fire chief's wife also "won" a basket

of groceries. Andre was very gifted at making friends.

Colonel Sickler's Mighty Monarch Exposition was a pretty threadbare outfit. It was what the trade calls a "rag-show," their term for a seedy carnival with poor canvas. I found out about the canvas after the first storm when most of the canvas tops let go of their seams. But Colonel Sickler was a mighty resourceful man and those little details bothered neither him nor me. He was too experienced with the game and the vicissitudes of life, and I was only sixteen at the time and only too willing to overlook such trifling deficiencies.

I spent two summers with the Colonel's mighty show. Two turbulent and interesting summers. There is something fascinating about the traveling carnival. There is something about its very tinsel and tawdriness that creeps into your life and holds fast until the very end. The oldtimers say that once you get the smell of canvas and the glitter of spangles inside you, spring just can't roll around without bringing with it the irresistible urge to hit the road.

Frankie and I went to work at the same time. I don't know who had the idea first. Frankie's father was a partner in a third-rate theatrical booking agency and it was through him that we got our jobs with the show. After that title, almost any show would have been a let down to us. Even Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey. But that first feeling was a short one, because it isn't ten minutes before you're good friends with anybody and everybody in a traveling carnival. It did seem to us that here was the world's prize assortment of unusual individuals.

Colonel Sickler himself was nothing



you'd find in a suburban living room. He was a paunchy little fellow, but he carried his weight well. His eyes had a sort of watery blue innocence that was only deceiving. Under them were wrinkled little bags of plain dissipation. He had an accent that was only two minute's drive from Tenth Avenue. Right away he showed a unique personal interest in Frankie and me. He called us "his boys." But Frankie was a realist and he said that the Colonel's Mighty Monarch Expositions was headed for the rocks and that if Frankie's father could be induced to buy a share, the eventual collapse might be considerably postponed.

It might be noted here that a carnival's source of income is not all legitimate. This I say with a full feeling of respect for the carnival. Fleecing the rubes we had to deal with was a profession that required a great deal of ingenuity and skill. For our course in working on the chumps, which is the common term for the public, we registered for a short period of instruction under professor Slug Bullitt who had his doctor's in working the "camels," the "creepers" and the "bird cages"—in fact, almost any pitch joint that never gave a sucker an even break. Slug also had numerous other idiosyncrasies. Here was a man who, at fifty, was probably twice as much of a scoundrel as he was when he was twenty-five. He had the moral code of an alley cat and told us both confidentially, that water never touched his face except when he shaved, which was once a week. We had a hunch that water touched his lips less often than that. He also informed us that his girl was so ugly that no other man could look at her. Both strange and inspiring were his tales of prowess in *l'amour*. I never took him home. But he soon taught us all the tricks of the trade, one in which the winning number is only a matter of elimination—the number with no money on it.

But the carnival group was as varied as each of its members. Andre and Karl, for instance were forever arguing about the capabilities and shortcoming of Tibbett, Melchior, Martinelli, and Martini. Tibbett was the most popular with the masses of opera-goers, but ha! Melchior was the more polished performer. Martinelli had a good voice, perhaps, but he couldn't

project himself into a role. Martini's voice was sweet but it never had any real quality. I bowed under their decisions. Karl was a stage carpenter at the Metropolitan, and Andre's brother had been a member of the now extinct American Opera Company. I don't know whose opinions were the more authentic. Karl was with the carnival now because thirty years ago he had worked for the Colonel's aunt and had never been able to break himself of the carnival habit. Andre was with the show because, after all, it was still the show business.

Andre was the black sheep of an old Southern family. Like his Gallic face, he had inherited a love for the theater from his mother, who had been a French actress and singer. I felt more than a little sorry for him at times. He was only thirty and he was going down hill plenty fast already. I had to acknowledge the fact that the Mighty Monarch Expositions was not at the top of the show business. It was just a plain old third-rate ragshow, and it looked pretty shabby every now and then when I looked at it without the sentiment that goes with it.

Andre had been educated in a good Catholic school. He graduated from Georgetown at eighteen. This much I got out of him. He had been a top-flight adagio dancer, a bank employee (this probably was the most miserable part of his life), a booking agent, a bit player in the movies, a movie publicity writer, a song writer, a staff writer on a theatrical paper, a burlesque show manager, and finally down on the rocks with the Mighty Monarch Expositions. I wondered if such a colorful career was worth being in the carnival at the age of thirty with no brilliant prospect for the future. He had been married four times and had a thirteen-year old boy in an exclusive Virginia Military Academy. He didn't really have to worry about making money, because he got his periodical remittance check from his family. It was more than enough to take care of his expenses. We became such great friends, he and I, that I invited him to our house for the week and caused the shock to my father already described.

And there was an old Italian there who had been rigger for the great Alfred Codona, who was about tops in the aerial profession. Codona had

about as much respect in his profession as Bobby Jones in golf or Red Grange in football. He was the greatest arielist that ever lived. And this rigger told us that Codona treated him with as much respect as he himself got from his audiences, for he knew that his life depended more on the rigger than any one else. I took his word for that.

In a carnival, a shooting gallery is a "lead-joint" and ours was run by an old animal trainer who had lost his nerve and wouldn't admit it. When you lose your nerve inside the cages you just never go back in. A lion-tamer without any guts is like a deep-sea diver without a helmet. He never talked about it now. The carnival was full of "ex's." Peanuts was an old-time vaudeville comedian. The chief mechanic claimed that he was an army pilot. He wouldn't say why he quit the service but he habitually wore breeches and riding boots as if he were always ready to hop in his plane and go off to defend the country from an invader. Swede had been an elephant trainer with Barnum and Bailey until he got drunk one night and passed out in the elephant tent. One of the big tuskers stepped on him and he's a hunchback now. It seemed that everybody in the outfit had a vivid past. We never bothered to check up on them because we were satisfied to believe them.

Just about the most unusual character in the whole outfit was our Indian princess snake charmer who was an Irishman, a long way from royalty. His stock in trade consisted of a bunch of defanged rattlers and some harmless black snakes and pine snakes. The "princess" had cultivated a little trick of eating a chicken alive and raw. It was successful in adding some spice to the program. It can be mastered by anyone with a strong stomach and will power. But the "princess" was no match for New Jersey. The unfortunate man was confined in bed for a full week from blood-poisoning brought about by the bites of the ravenous Jersey mosquitoes which often grow large enough to carry away a young sheep.

The Mighty Monarch Expositions played chiefly in New Jersey and had no end of difficulty with the state police. The colonel just considered the state police very unbusiness-like and

# FRATERNITY MEETING

by Eric Weiss '39

**Pardon us for Mr. Weiss's cold, white light,  
but at least we warned you.**

**T**HEN there is this business of Pilsudsky," Dick said, and he looked around the chapter room at all the upperclassmen. "We pledged him more than a year ago and he hasn't taken up his pledge. That makes the thing automatically void and we have to decide whether we want to take him again." Nobody wanted to start the talk and they all waited for somebody else to say the first word.

Jack was sitting on the rug with his arms around his knees and his back against the leg of a table. It's up to me, he thought, they're all against him so I'd better say something right now.

"He's a good kid," Jack said. "He wants to join and the only reason he hasn't taken up his pledge is because he hasn't got the initiation fee. He hasn't got much money and he needs everything he has to get him through school."

"I like Pilsudsky," Andy said, "but he isn't even a member of the fraternity and he's been living at the house for nearly two years and washing dishes for his board while some of the real brothers are having hard going and could use that job."

"He'll join," Jack said, "if he can get the money together."

Joe leaned forward in his deep chair. Now we'll find out what the pillar of society thinks about it, Jack thought. Here comes the voice of the safety deposit vault.

"I think Harry is a nice guy," Joe said, "but he isn't too careful about his clothes. It seems to me that he wears nothing but that old brown suit all the time."

"And it looks as if he sleeps in it," Andy added. He swung his feet back and forth negligently as he sat on the table.

"What the hell has that got to do with it?" Jack said.

"But after all, Jack," Joe spoke in the soothing tone of a parent easing a child out of an illusion. "Clothes are pretty important. We want our brothers to look as if they were somebody. Not like ashmen."

"Are we pledging clothes dummies or men?"

"There's no need to get sore about it." Dick was judicial and fair minded. His broad spectacled face was serious. "Joe is right, Jack. An Alpha Beta has to dress well."

"He's just barely getting through school as it is," Jack tried to explain. "He hasn't got the money to spend on clothes."

"That's just it." Bob dropped two inches of cigarette butt into the ashtray. "Pilsudsky just isn't the type to come to college."

"What are you talking about? I don't get it," Jack said. "He's our second highest sophomore."

"That's not what I mean." Bob was tolerant and careful. His well-bred face looked as bored as usual. "He just isn't of the economic class that should come to college. He should have stuck to being a steel-hand instead of trying to get through school without money."

"For God's sake," Jack said. "Education only for the elite, eh?"

"That's just about it," Bob agreed smugly. "If you have the money, go to college. Otherwise go to work."

"It's not only the money," Rod put in from his place under the window. "Pilsudsky is a good enough polack, but he doesn't seem to know his place."

"Yeah?" Jack said. He could feel his throat choking up and his pulse increasing. I feel as if I want to take a swing at somebody, he thought. I used to feel like this before a street fight when I was a kid.

Rod went on, speaking slowly with his Virginia prep school drawl. "After all, he's dishwasher here and he shouldn't be coming in through the front door and having the full run of the house."

"But he's still one of our pledges," Jack said.

"But he's the dishwasher. He ought to know his place."

"Humbug!" Jack said, and then he was sorry he said it because he knew Rod would never understand what he meant by it.

"I don't care much what a guy wears for clothes," Bill boomed from the corner that he filled with his wrestler's shoulders, "or how much money he has. That doesn't make any difference to me."

Well, Jack thought, this is surprising. I have a friend in the crowd.

"But," Bill rumbled on, "Pilsudsky was sent to us as a football player and we pledged him because we thought he would make the team and we gave him a job because the coach asked us to. And now it turns out that he's just a big clumsy polack that can hard-



# Make Yourself Comfortable

Written for the benefit of the  
man who doesn't get a bid!



*by Norman L. Morse '40*

**O**NE of the most enthusiastically hashed and rehashed of topics relative to college life has been the question of the advantages and disadvantages of fraternity life. Yet the question rarely strikes home to the boy who has never been able to entertain the possibility of being a fraternity man; it seems to lose much of its importance for the student who has been "rushed" but not pledged. Nevertheless, both kinds of non-fraternity men will now or later have to face the realities of their situation. To decide that "the grapes are sour" and declare oneself well rid of the iniquities of fraternity life only evades the fact that one has been denied some very real benefits. It evades that fact that one has been weighed in the balance and found wanting—or has not even been put on the scales.

Of course, it is silly to contend that the fraternities don't make numerous errors of judgment, even by their own standards, in selecting men. Examples can be multiplied of good men passed up, of duds pledged. However, it must be kept in mind that a good man overlooked in his first year can be pledged later in his college career; admittedly, the dud who is already in presents a stiffer problem to solve.

However this may be, it is important for the non-fraternity man to admit to himself that he is likely not a special case, but has not measured up to the fraternities' standards. Whether they are all worthy or desirable standards is a debatable point. Many boys, otherwise really outstanding, have been passed up by the fraternities because of an unimpressive social position; on the other hand, many excellent fellows have only been able to get a college education because their fraternities, recognizing their real worth, have made it financially possible.

There are many differences in character and attitude between individual fraternities which give rise to different criteria in the selection of initiates.

These differences usually tend to persist, since the members tend to elect new men of their own kind, and the new men by association tend to become like their fraternity elders. Thus, while it may be recognized that it is more worthwhile to be pledged by some fraternities than by some others, by and large the fraternities pledge men with certain advantages of connections, family, social and financial position, and certain desiderata of personality, ability, and attractiveness.

The man who has failed to make a fraternity must recognize his deficiencies, and decide which of them he ought to make up, and which he can make up. Some deficiencies he must perforce let persist for the nonce. The way is not usually open, by casually taking thought, to add many cubits to one's financial stature, nor does diligent application bring forth an impressive family tree. But those qualities of agreeableness, ability to get along

**"The criterion at elections ( bidding ) is purely social, with scholarship running a bad second. This leads to a mild snobbery among the more fashionable fraternities and sororities and a sense of humiliation among those who failed to obtain the desired election and to establish themselves socially."**

**—“Impressions of American Universities,” Ronald Hilton in “Fortnightly.”**

easily with people, poise, and savoir-faire, of dressing neatly, which are prerequisites to election into a good fraternity, and which are no less es-

sential to a successful life, those qualities can be cultivated.

It is unfortunate that the non-fraternity man, who needs it more, is denied the fuller opportunities of the fraternity man to acquire what we may call "polish." The awkward corners of the fraternity man are gradually rounded off by constant contact with a fairly large group of interested and critical brothers, while, on the other hand, the personal quirks and foibles of the non-fraternity man often tends to isolate him from his fellow students. Against this tendency he can only be constantly on guard. His task is to study the reactions of others to himself, and to take the initiative in correcting himself. Of course this doesn't mean that he must readjust his ideals and opinions to harmonize with his surroundings—to become an intellectual chameleon is scarcely an admirable objective—but he ought to watch his habits and mannerisms. Most people prefer a courteous and considerate Communist to a boorish Republican.

The situation of the non-fraternity man who lives in a dormitory is much different from that of a student who lives in a rooming house, unless the rooming house has many students. The dormitory-unit system at Lehigh gives the dormitory man advantages in companionship almost on a par with a fraternity, where the dormitory section has a good esprit de corps and the turnover each year is not too complete. At any rate, proximity to and frequent contact with other men has much of the effect for dormitory residents that it has for fraternity men. Unfortunately, the town student is much more isolated, ever subject to the tendency to become a lone wolf in a gregarious world that does not always deal kindly with lone wolves. It is only too easy for the boy thus situated to become centered in himself, aware only of his own feelings and thoughts. He gives only a casually

# Reward for Promptness

**Based upon letters from faculty and Student Heads of Activities. We almost guarantee results**

THE beginning of the school term is rather a ritualistic experience for those who have been through the whole thing before. Those ubiquitous fraternity men who come before the opening of the regularly scheduled classes to be present when the season opens on freshmen are very susceptible to a sophomoric attitude, this attitude is best represented as a full snicker at the "stuff they hand out to the freshmen." It seems that this "stuff" is so much twaddle and they try to "get the freshmen before they know any better." Now this is common talk and we all know it. This advice to freshmen that comes so heavily piled in the first week in school may very well be useless. It has a tendency to roll like water of a duck's back.

This business about water rolling off a duck's back is distressing to us. Not that we mind a duck's keeping itself dry, but we figure that if a freshman goes around with his ears open during his first few weeks of school, he can allow for having them shut pretty tightly most any other time. The main trouble with this advice is that it all comes at the wrong time. According to the word from the placement bureau, the only time a student is willing to listen to advice is after he's been told by six different interviewers to come around and look for a job some other time when they need less valuable men. Of course, they won't say exactly, that, but they can come remarkably close to it in diplomatic language.

The reason that we're telling you all this is that the Review thinks it a pretty good gamble that if a freshman gets a healthy idea about what any activity has to offer a student he'd be

more inclined to take a stab at it. That's why, in so many words, we're using these pages in the Review to give space to the student or faculty leaders of the several activities that Lehigh has to offer. Special emphasis was placed upon the position of the freshmen in these several activities. Unfortunately, we were not able to get material on the complete list of student activities; again, there may be some activities that we have neglected. But we feel that the freshmen, reading these messages, will get some small urge to make a fuller use of his talents to make his school time a fuller harvest.

One thing we especially noticed in collecting these reports was that the men who made the statements emphasized to us the particular importance of the freshman's recognizing early his talents or his ambitions and to start off in full swing in his first or second semester at Lehigh. It seems that if you dally along in your first two years your tardy attempts to make

something of yourself will fall flatter than a bride's first biscuit. The important thing is to get in the fight early and keep on plugging. The extra experience gained by just hanging around looking like part of the furniture will put you head, shoulders, and elbows above some sucker who didn't read this article and came in late.

An unusual phenomenon about this business of starting in early is that the men who have the ability to do a good job become active a little too late in their careers and the position which they could fill exceedingly well will be filled by some fool who doesn't know from nothing. This, when it happens, is a very irritating state of affairs, both to the unfortunate individual who put in his bid too late and anyone else who has to bow under the thumb of an ignoramus who may well be the head of some activity or group. For practical reasons, we can't cite any examples here, but when an unfortunate situation occurs, it usually makes an odor somewhere. It was one of the past editors of the Brown and White, we believe, who remarked in this vein, "The more you stir it, the worse it smells."

Whether you live in the town, dormitories, or in the fraternities, it is rather easy to be elected as some sort of representative or delegates. The reason it is so easy, is that usually nobody else wants the job. Which makes it all the better for you. It is a general rule in universities that it always pays to know what is going on. Being on the inside of even something so small as campus politics is something that warms up the cockles of your vanity.

page twenty, please



*Everybody reads the Brown and White, even in summer*

# The Letters:

## — PLACEMENT

Freshmen should be made to realize at an early date, that no amount of classroom work will, in itself, give them all that will be required of them in life. That is why interviewers are so vitally interested in a student's extra-curricular activities. These activities are powerful factors in the building of character, ability, and personality, and interviewers are well aware of this fact. Of course, students must not run wild in the field of extra-curricular activities, else they will lose heavily scholastically. A wise balance between scholastic attainment and extra-curricular activities is likely to result in a genuine all-round development.

E. ROBINS MORGAN  
Director of Placement



## — ATHLETICS

Our program for intercollegiate competition in freshman sports is probably more extensive than that in many of the larger schools, when one realizes that Lehigh maintains competing teams in football, soccer, cross country, wrestling, basketball, swimming, baseball, tennis, and track. Any incoming freshmen having a desire for athletic competition, on an intercollegiate basis, and having a certain measure of athletic ability, can select one or more sports from this group and make a sincere effort to represent

Lehigh in athletics during the next four years.

However, if you are not successful in making your freshman varsity squad, after having made this effort, do not become discouraged. Enter into the scheme of competition as offered in the intra-mural sports. Surely you can find enjoyment and physical benefits in a program that offers, not only all the sports of the intercollegiate program, but, touch football, softball, bowling, badminton, goal shooting, shuffleboard, Zelball, hardball, golf, fencing, and table tennis, as well as eighteen to twenty individual athletic events.

It would take too long



*Everybody works in Mustard & Cheese*

to discuss in this short message the tangible and intangible values derived from sport activities, but I sincerely hope that all members of the class of 1943 will undertake some type of athletic competition as a secondary part of their education while enrolled at the University.

GLEN W. HARMESON  
Director of Inter-collegiate Athletics  
and Football Coach

## — DRAMATICS

For the man whose ambition it is to some day make a business out of what we amateurs enjoy as our sport, Lehigh offers little or nothing. However, for the many of us who desire a solid background for dramatic activity, Lehigh offers



*Learn to wrestle at Lehigh*

Albert A. Rights who serves as Instructor of English at Lehigh in between shows. Mr. Rights is a veritable bottomless well of information concerning affairs of the Drama ranging from the technique of acting to the problems of staging, make-up, lighting, theatre history. All of these are to be found within the confines of his brain. Mr. Rights has, over the past few years, successfully staged such great shows as "Yellow Jack", "Journey's End", "Front Page", "Men in White", "Paths of Glory", "Winterset", "Pelleas & Melisande", "Brother Rat", "Ceiling Zero" and many others. When it becomes apparent that "Al", as he is affectionately known by those of us who have been fortunate enough to work under him, has had to practically build each production by himself, his achievements become almost miraculous.

NATHANIEL W. BRISKER '40

# A Legacy for the House

*When a freshman helps with the rushing,  
things will happen*

by Howard J. Lewis '40

PETE Filmore, Hank Guldern, and I were sitting on the veranda of the fraternity house looking across the street at the Theta Phi house and trying to count the pledges that they were hauling in from the railroad station. The letters we had sent out during the summer didn't seem to be doing much good. We only got answers from a couple of them and the brats hadn't even shown up yet. We were so optimistic we were ready to bet that they had decided to go to another school and call the whole thing off. Hank was saying that if something didn't happen pretty soon we'd have to do all the studying in a pawn shop so that we could be close to our books. Pete and I didn't feel much better about it, either. First thing you know a cab was coming up to the curb and Hank was running down the steps to the cab. Pete and I jumped down after him, taking the short way, over the tulips, the lawn, and the boxwood hedge.

Hank was holding the door open and trying to pay the driver and trying to help the kid with the bags at the same time. Before Hank even got the money out of his pocket, the kid had popped out of the cab and shouted, "Oh no you don't! I'm paying for this. This is all on me."

Hank was a good rusher and he tried to pooh-pooh the kid into letting him pay. You know the old stuff —this is our treat for a couple of weeks; enjoy the blessings while you can. But the kid started to raise his voice and I pulled on Hank's arm because I recognized the boy. It was Harvey Clemens II, and no doubt about it. Harvey II was a dyed-in-the-wool legacy. We had taken him so much for granted that we had forgotten about him altogether. In case you don't know about this, a legacy is when the kid's old man was in the fraternity and you got him whether you want him or not.

In the spot we were in we didn't

expect to be choosy. Harvey Clemens II was sixty-five bucks a month and we didn't want to look the gift horse in the mouth. Frankly, it wouldn't have been too thrilling to look at Harvey anywhere at all in the face. It was the rawest looking face I had ever seen. It looked as if it had been carved out of a boiled carrot. He was tall, thin, and clumsy. His face which was so very unusual had a large nose, tinted in red, and a pair of very large and outstanding ears, also tinted in red. He had freckles, too, and a pair of

heard of him. Harvey Clemens, the original, was one of the founders of our local chapter and he couldn't seem able to forget about it. We all thought he must have had a guilty conscience until we heard that his son was coming to Lehigh. Harvey I came to all our homecoming parties and always to the Thanksgiving Day Game. We used to call him Harvey "Why-yes-I-remember-the-day-your-father-and-I-got-drunk-together" Clemens. We found out afterwards that with him a half-keg of beer is only a figure of speech. Two-fifths of Haig and Haig really meant a swallow of somebody's Rittenhouse Square. But he was all-fraternity. He was every inch a Kappa Lambda. We could always trust him if the national council tried to put the crimp on us, which they frequently did.

We took the talking Harvey II into the house which was the most convenient and the most humane thing to do. We all three of us thought that young Harvey should meet some of the other boys in the house. He said he wanted to be introduced to the captain of the house football team. Sid Gilchrist, who almost made all-American, was sitting in the corner hiding behind a copy of the Times. So we took him upstairs on the second floor and started to yell for Henry Titus, who was really captain of the house team, although nobody knew exactly why. Titus came out of his room dressed in an old bath robe that came to his knees and fell off his shoulders like a Spanish shawl. He is about five foot ten and he weighs under a hundred thirty, but when we throw him the ball he sometimes catches it. In the meantime he is no physical specimen. He was rubbing his eyes and just getting set to give us hell when he saw this Harvey staring at him in some kind of dumb admiration.

"Hank," I said weakly, "meet Harvey. Harvey, this is Hank Titus, captain of the Kappa Lambda's 1939 foot-



pink-rimmed glasses which he seemed to need very much. His hair was clipped close to his skull and followed its uneven outline very well. It was also carrot-colored, except it had been bleached in the sun.

He gripped all three of us as if he wanted to make a sugar scoop out of our right hands. He asked us in an awfully excited voice if we had known his father. We said no but we all had

ball team, as yet undefeated and un-scored upon." The kid ate it all up and squeezed Hank's hand like he did ours. Hank winced but he didn't say anything, except something that sounded like "Glannoya." Harvey followed him into his room and said, "Mr. Titus, please let me know when the tryouts start for the football team. My father scored the winning touchdown against Theta Pi in 1914." We dragged him out of Hank's room and told him that he had a very good chance of making the team since we lost most of our star players last year. That was almost the truth. The only fellow who ever did score a touchdown graduated last year.

By suppertime the sophomores had found a couple of loose freshmen wandering around the campus and got them out to the house on the promise of a free meal with french-fried potatoes. When I saw them I asked the sophomores if they found them by turning over flat stones on the campus. That's the way they looked. We put them at the first table and we sat down near the end of the dining hall with little Harvey between us where he couldn't do any harm. But Harvey was too quick for us. He gave us the wink which looked like something out of "Sally, the Seamstress's Daughter." Before we could catch him he was hiking up to the first table, dragging his chair behind him. In two shakes he was sitting with the freshman and smiling like a cat in a canary farm. It was awful. We just sat there, picking at the shoestring potatoes which were too cold to eat, anyway.

I didn't even see Harvey II until about ten o'clock that night when he came whipping into my room and I was throwing my clothes very disgustingly on the floor. "Whooppee!" he yells in his ground-glass voice, "I got 'em pledged. They're going to sign up!"

"To what fraternity?" I asked him.

"To Kappa Lambda," he shouted, as if it was the last line in a cheer.

I started to get pretty sore. "Look," I said, "Suppose we don't want to give them bids. Suppose they just aren't the type we want hanging around here for four years! Look, son," I said, trying to calm myself, "Suppose you let us do the rushing and you just stick to your freshman hygiene. Some of the

pictures are pretty good. Make you sit up."

He sat down in Guldern's bed, looking at me with big eyes and scratching the back of his head. "They're swell fellows," he said, "One of them was alternate in his debating team at high school and the other one was almost elected the most handsome man in his class."

"So was I" I said, "Clark Gable beat me out by two votes." He picked up his hat off the chair and walked out of the room. I was sorry then I got smart with the kid, even if he did make some trouble.

Next day somebody else drove him over to the campus and I didn't see him for a few wonderful hours. About five o'clock in the afternoon he walked over to me and gripped me by the arm. He was smiling again. I felt a strange feeling creep over me like I just flunked a final, which isn't any too strange. "Mickey," he said, "I know why you got burned up at me last night and I don't blame you a bit. I know all about how the Theta Phis are taking all the pledges and we aren't getting any at all. You just were all down and out that's all. I know how you feel about it."

"That's all right," I said, "I shouldn't have shot off my mouth. It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't," he insisted, "I can see you fellows are all on edge about this rushing business. I guess it really gets you down. I'm about all worn out myself."

"From what?" I barked at him, suspicious again. I could see that same look in his eyes. "What have you been doing again?"

"Just this," he said, as if he had just solved the international situation, "The Theta Phis are having a party tonight with some professional entertainers and they were signing up all the freshmen. So I just stepped in and told them that Roger Littlefield, the great African sportsman and member of Kappa Lambda fraternity was going to speak at the chapter house tonight at nine o'clock. I didn't know if it was nine or ten so I said nine. I made sure that way. I must have signed up about thirty fellows, about the best in the class."

"Omigod, migod, migod," I moaned. "Who the devil said Roger Littlefield

is going to speak tonight? Where did you get such a crazy idea? Who told you that?" I started to whistle and pound my fist into the palm of my hand.

Harvey II backed up in a hurry and opened his eyes wider and wider. "My father," he whispered, "My father said Roger Littlefield always spoke to the freshmen here on the first night of rushing. Every year."

I leaned toward him and then fell back in a chair, rubbing my hands over the arms of the chair and whistling. "Roger Littlefield," I said hoarsely, "has been dead and gone for these past four years. Roger Littlefield is now a member of the dear departed. He no longer makes speeches for us."

"Oh," said Harvey Clemens II.

"Do me one last favor," I said, "Tell Pete and Hank Guldern to come in. Don't slam the door." Right then I was feeling like a steamed clam.

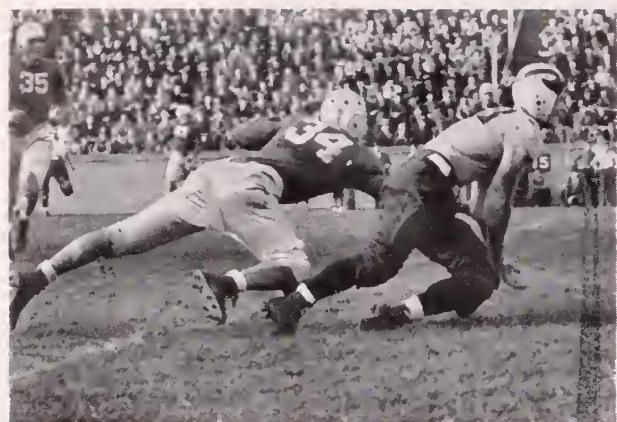
I tried to imagine thirty freshmen, thirty wide-eyed, little freshmen, sitting in a semi-circle with no Roger Littlefield. Thirty kids smoking corn-cob pipes, if we could get them, patiently waiting for a Kappa Lambda who was a big-game hunter from Africa.

Unfortunately for my state of mind, Hank and Pete came bouncing in the room like a couple of ponies. "Gentlemen," I said, "you are much too, too happy. Listen to me." I paused and breathed deeply just for effect. "Tonight," I said distinctly, "Roger Littlefield will give a thirty or forty minute talk on big game hunting in Africa and why you should join the Kappa Lambdas. About nine o'clock. Or maybe ten."

"Are you crazy?" Hank said. "Last time I heard Littlefield was killed in an automobile accident. What's the gag?"

"The gag," I said, "is that Harvey Clemens II, whom you have just seen no doubt in a severe state of agitation has invited thirty of his best classmates to hear Roger Littlefield tonight at about nine o'clock, for according to the elder Clemens, Roger Littlefield always speaks at the Kappa Lambda house on the first night of rushing. Every year."

Pete and Hank just kept quiet and sat down on my bed with their heads in their hands. I was even more silent



Rothrock

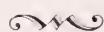
**Football—Six Home Games!**

September 30 .....	Alfred
October 7 .....	Case
" 21 .....	Buffalo
November 11 .....	Muhlenberg
" 18 .....	Delaware
" 25 .....	Lafayette



Rothrock

Cornelia Otis Skinner (above, center) will be dropping in on October 4. So will Georges Enesco, February 9, and the Mozart Boys' Choir on Mar. 1.



The Third Annual Photographic Exhibit will fill the lull between Thanksgiving and Christmas.  
No specific date.

# Coming

for L



B. and W.

**Basketball—Crack Team!**

Home (incomplete schedule):	
December 13 .....	Upsala
January 10 .....	Villanova
" 16 .....	Muhlenberg
February 24 .....	Lafayette
" 28 .....	Rutgers



Guggenheim

# ttractions ♦

9 - 40



B. and W.

**Baseball—Spring is here!**

**Home Games (incomplete):**

April 3 .....	Haverford
" 6 .....	Penn State
" 10 .....	Dickinson
" 20 .....	Upsala
May 1 .....	Muhlenberg
" 4 .....	Rutgers
" 11 .....	Lafayette



Rothrock



B. and W.

**Wrestling—The four best!**

**Home Meets:**

January 13 .....	Kansas State
February 3 .....	Yale
" 10 .....	Penn State
March 2 .....	Princeton
" 8-9 .....	E.I.W.A. at Syracuse



Rothrock

The campus will be green again for the Bach Choir on May 17 and 18. Ifor Jones (above) will again conduct and again they will come to listen.

# Homesick

by  
Dave  
DeBeauchamp

---

I HAVE a friend who was married recently. He's got a good wife. She might even make a success out of him. She'll make him happy and some call that success.

I dropped over to see Bud and his wife the other day. They both lived with his folks. When I walked in that evening, Bud was sitting on the couch with his wife. It was hot and he looked pretty tired, but they were holding hands and looking at each other the way you'd think two people ought to look who just got married.

Bud got out of school last June, and I have one more year. He's been doing what a lot of his class has been doing—looking for a job. Only maybe some of the fellows you know have gotten jobs.

Bud hasn't. Not for two months. For two long months he has been pounding the sidewalks of New York, which, they tell me, is a big place and all he has to show for it is a big hole in his right shoe and one not so big in the other.

There's one ray of rather uncertain light. Mary has a job. She's a stenographer. Maybe you remember Mary. She was Bud's houseparty date. Like some of the girls you may have had up; like some of the girls you may have up next year. But if you're thinking of marrying her remember she'll be different then—sitting on the couch looking hot and a little tired.

So when I walked in and asked Bud how things were going, you know what kind of an reply I got. I answered with the usual things like. . . What the hell, things will pick up in the fall. . . Stay with it kid. Stay with it. I was the big brother. Then it was his turn and he answered me with. . . Yeah, I oughto get something soon. . .

I didn't feel very happy about the subject and started to steer the conversation toward school and the fellows

we uscd to know. And I, with my hilarious sense of humor, had to make some cute crack about would he be ready to go back soon. Very funny. Like a hearse. Bud started to laugh and then it died somewhere in the bottom of his throat. Mary turned to him quickly and he pressed her hand. I felt wonderful.

Then Bud, who in two months had grown five years older than I, began to tell me the sort of things you've heard other people say that have been out of school. You know how it goes.

*Kid, you don't know how lucky you are, you just don't . . . if I had the chance to do it all over again, I'd make it worth while . . . With good marks I wouldn't be wearing holes in my shoes all day long. . . . You still got a chance to take care of yourself, you lucky stiff. . . .*

This went on for a while until I began to notice how hot it was and got more than slightly bored. All I was thinking of was getting out of school and being independent—my own boss. I hated to think of school. Your time is never your own. Classes six days a week. Homework every night to drive you crazy . . . and Bethlehem in the winter was one hell of a place to be stuck in.

Mary made some tea and brought

I could see Bud's hot, tired face and Mary's hands in his for protection more or less. He wasn't having a picnic. While I sat in the sand all day, he was plugging up and down streets and steps looking for a job. Mary had a job, and then I knew how that made him feel.

My thoughts started to climb toward school again. Thinking about Bud and Mary changed the lights on the question. What the hell, I was pretty lucky not to be in his shoes. He wasn't any more independent than I was. Maybe less. Lying there in bed half asleep I started to think about going back to school and what I'd do this year. It was hot and sticky which made it pretty hard to sleep. Maybe that's why thoughts of cold weather and snow on the ground shot through my head.

School came back to me in little half-remembered episodes. The morning I overslept and walked into an important quiz about an hour late, and the prof who gave me a break and let me take it later. He was a white man. . . I'd be glad to see him again.

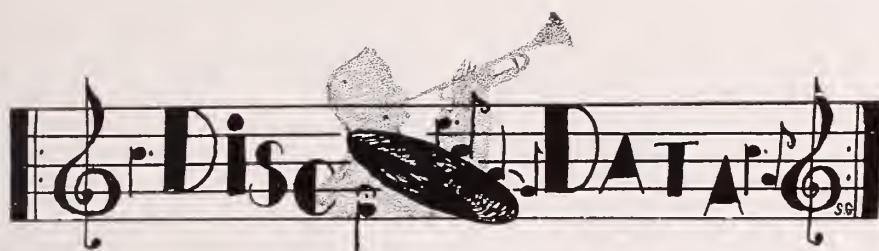
I could see a boy and a girl on the top of a mountain looking down on the lights of the town spread below them. They were dressed in evening clothes and the top of the car was



out some little cakes that she baked. We talked some more about New York and then I got up and said I had a big day tomorrow and needed plenty of sleep. At home I smoked a cigarette and slid into bed, laughing to myself at some of the things poor old Bud had said. He was just a little depressed, that's all. Why I'd change places with him in a minute. No more classes, a beautiful wife, a nice home. But then I remembered it wasn't his home. It was his father's. And with the light out

down, even though the night was frosty. They were happy with their heads close together, hers on his shoulder. Then they were gone, silently coasting down the winding road on the mountain to the spattering of lights in the valley. Indistinctly I remembered the exhilaration of the cool air.

I thought of a boy I knew who got a letter one day. He left school that next afternoon. He didn't come back, and I haven't seen him since, except



by Stan Gilinsky '40

#### BANDS AND RECORDINGS

The past summer has been little cause for any excitement over most bands' recordings. Big name bands have been on summer tours and one nighters—and thus have found neither the time nor the inspiration for exceptional waxings. Biggest exceptions to the above have been Glenn Miller and Charlie Barnet. Both have spent a rather stable summer at permanent locations and their recording works reaped the benefits.

Barnet capitalized on his imitation of colored musicians, mainly Duke Ellington with a little Basie and Lunceford thrown in for good measure. The beauty part of it is that the imitations have as much, if not more appeal, as the original. Barnet is not content with mere copying—he assumes, and tries to have his band also assume, the intentions of the original band. As a result Charlie can make up deficiencies that may have cropped up in the original. Musicians have realized that it is through the medium of Barnet that Ellington's tunes are finally achieving their long sought popularity—and the Duke is grateful rather than resentful. Barnet is not afraid to experiment and his solos, even on the pop tunes, are always bordering on the sensational.

Chief fault is the lack of, or rather

non-use of other soloists. Not that one tires of Barnet, but that the band suffers as a whole when it only provides background and has no opportunity to express itself through solos—it tends to become mechanical, and that might be serious with a band playing the highly intricate and mooded arrangements of Barnet. Infrequent solos by trombone and tenor sax have convinced us the stuff is there. At the writing his latest is *Cherokee: The All Night Record Man.* (Bl.) The first, a la Ellington, makes up for what Count Basie missed on his renditions. Charlie catches the spirit in a nifty rhythmic opening. Lack of other soloists is noted as the ensemble figures drag a little toward the end. *All Night* is a dedication to Stan Shaw of WNEW for his midnight to dawn record session. Charlie helps Judy Ellington with the vocals. Strictly novelty stuff—but cute. Other platter-two swell pops are: *For Tonight; What's New.* (Bl.)

#### Glenn Miller

Glenn Miller, unlike Barnet, has won fame on a style originated when Glenn arranged for Ray Noble, but unused till now. In layman's language, the style is achieved by a sax quintet in which the clarinet and fourth tenor sax

page twenty-one, please

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Larry Clinton  
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**26284—Well All Right  
(Tonight's the Night)  
All I Remember Is You**  
Tommy Dorsey  
and his orchestra

**26272—I'm Sorry for My Self  
When Winter Comes**  
Hal Kemp  
and his orchestra

\*\*\*\*\*  
**B-10388—Glen Island Special  
Twilight Interlude**  
Glenr. Miller  
and his orchestra

**B10344—Wanna Hat with Cherries  
The Day We Meet Again**  
Glenn Miller  
and his orchestra

**B10385—Traffic Jam  
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and his orchestra

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## JUST GET BACK?

THE  
BOYS  
WILL  
ALL  
BE  
AT  
THE

## TOP HAT

JOE KINNEY

### LEGACY

from page thirteen

than they were. I didn't breathe as heavily.

All of a sudden Hank got up and stuck his hands in his pockets, very determinedly. "Now look," he said. "Don't get excited and listen to me. We're in a spot and we got to get out of it without being made the laughing stock of the school. So how do we do it? Like this. Nobody but us knows that Littlefield is dead. The papers didn't carry it because he wasn't enough big time. Nobody knows him except a couple fellows in the house because he's been dead for four years. Bert Diggs is coming in tonight on the nine-eleven and we meet him with a set of whiskers and white eyebrows and we got Roger Littlefield. I'm a genius."

"I'll be damned," Pete said.

"I'll be damned," I said.

We found some old foliage we used once in a Christmas play and got it ready for Bert when he came in. In the meantime, Pete went around and told the rest of the house about it. Our house was so small that year, it wasn't much trouble. I told Harvey about it and I tipped off the two freshmen that Harvey had picked up that night. We were praying that it would work. The only thing we were afraid of was that if some of the young graduates from other fraternities dropped around and remembered Littlefield from the old Kappa Lambda smokers it was going to be just too bad. But we were lucky that way.

About nine o'clock the freshmen began to pile in the living room and we passed around the corn cob pipes and some tins of tobacco that a salesman had left there only last year. I was just a little bit nervous, because I had forgot to figure on the possibility that Bertie might get a little stinking on the way. I tried to keep my mind off it by talking to as many freshmen as I could. About nine-thirty, Pete and Hank poked their heads through the hall curtains and whistled to me. I excused myself and almost tripped over a chair on the way out. Bertie was in the hall taking off his coat and Hank was trying to work the whiskers over his ears at the same time. I told them not to get excited and take it easy. I looked closely at Bertie and he seemed to be taking it too easy. Bertie seemed

to be more or less under the weather, but not enough to make him disagreeable. He just seemed a little bit too happy about the whole thing. We got him down on a bench in the kitchen and worked on the beard with some iron glue I found in the tool chest. Pete dusted his eyebrows and hair with talcum powder until they matched his whiskers. The finished face looked a little odd but we figured on the dim lights in the living room.

At quarter to ten we kissed Bertie good luck and started him out toward the living room. He walked briskly into the hall and through the velvet drapes into the living room. There was a nice clatter of applause because one of the brothers had already announced him. We heard his voice faintly through the drapes and we started to tiptoe through the hall into the living room. Before we could get into the room, everybody started to laugh like hell. I mean it. They were laughing like a bunch of lunatics. We opened the curtains and poked our heads in. Bertie was scratching his chin because the iron glue was itchy as a son of a gun. About half the beard was off and hanging down like spanish moss. Bertie, though, was still talking about the wilds of Africa, except that he got a little mixed with the World's Fair and Radio City. I think that, for the moment, Bertie had lost a clear comprehension of just exactly where Africa really was or just what it really was. But these kids were laughing like hell and most of the brothers were laughing too, because Bertie drunk is eight Marx Brothers. I pulled my head out of the curtains and pulled Hank and Pete back in the hall.

"Let him rave," I said, "He's doing fine." In about ten minutes we had a show together that would make Billy Rose rave. Pete played some sweet and hot music on the piano and then he did a job on some boogie-woogie that sent the ripples up your back. Then George Gilchrist and Hank Titus did their imitations of the fancy steppers around the dances in town and that almost brought down the house. Corky Nuttin did his imitation of a woman getting undressed and they ate it up. Before the evening was over we were picking out the pledges we wanted.

Next morning Harvey II came to me  
page twenty-three, top, please

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**FIREMAN'S CARNIVAL**

from page seven

studiously avoided them. But twice I've seen them come on the lot and smash one or two dozen mechanical diggers. A digger is worth somewhere around three hundred dollars and the ex-high diver who had invested in them lost about six thousand dollars of his investment before the cops were through with their axes and sledges. The digger as it is operated is a sort of competition between the operator and the public or the "chumps." The digger is a mechanical crane that looks as if it is going to pick up that camera and doesn't. When money is put in it, the digger is fixed to pay out on Monday nights and gets more selfish as the week wears on. The public tries to beat the operator with the amateurish trick of using slugs. About ten per cent of the take in a night is made up of buttons, washer, and miscellaneous substitutes for nickels.

Most of the heavy players, the wise boys in the community, think they have just the system that's going to beat the pitchman. Usually they are anywhere from ten or twenty steps behind a reasonably smart operator. One reuben in particular had a system that looked almost unbeatable. By doubling each preceding bet he figured he was going to clean out the whole concern. He was playing a three dice game called chuck-a-luck. When he had lost a hundred and twenty dollars, he started to kick. He set up such a howl that it almost started a riot and took a policeman to escort him off the lot.

Carnival folks may be charlatans and petty crooks but they aren't all bad. They are notoriously soft-hearted and nearly every week somebody is taking up a collection for some poor, broken-down vaudevillian or some aerial artist when the law of averages catches up with him. They are an extremely optimistic lot—looking backward to the days when they were cleaning two or three hundred dollars a week from a single pitch or looking forward to the day when the traveling carnival will hit its stride again. You never hear them complain, either, if they don't make a dime for three weeks in a row. They gamble on the weather; the public thinks they're gambling but they're really not.

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## REWARD FOR PROMPTNESS

*from page ten*

That statement above can also be taken literally. Campus politics is something that can be very easily taken for a ride because of its ultimate inconsequentiality, but things that are inconsequential in the very long run may be very pertinent in the short dash. It may be wise to avoid petty politics, but it doesn't do any good to ignore it.

Naturally we think that the most important activity for you kiddies is the field of publications. In this wicked old capitalistic system of ours, there is one word that is a magic carpet to carry you almost any place. *Contacts*. There are people you can read about in the *Reader's Digest* that go banging in people's offices and bully big business executives into giving them a job. We don't recommend that for the ordinary individual who may lack the necessary vim. We always placed our faith in the business of contacts to do our dirty work for us.

To get back to publications, we think it is the most successful activity on the campus to make contacts. After all, contacts is not sleight-of-hand; it is just a matter of getting to know the right people. There are two ways to make friends that the gregarious Dale Carnegie left out of his little handbook of success. So far as we know the best way to make friends is either to interview them or take pictures of them. We've made an underlined note of the fact that most prominent educators just love to have their pictures taken. Even more so they love to be interviewed. Take a tip from us—they all get a little lonesome sometimes, and an interviewer is only someone you can talk to in a sort of off-your-chest manner. The editorial staffs of the several campus publications are unique in offering this avenue of getting to know biggies on the campus and getting known by them. We have also heard various reports that the business staffs of these same sheets offer invaluable training in the matter of selling people something they don't really want, but for all we know that might be just malicious gossip.

Scattered in and out of these paragraphs are the messages from the student or faculty leaders of most of the leading Lehigh activities. We think you will be an exceedingly clever lad

if you tackle a likely looking activity and make a go at it. We really do. We're aiming this mostly at those students who do not fully intend to become president of the United States. If you are reasonably convinced of your mediocrity, then start in early and let experience work for you. If you ignore all this and miss the boat don't say we didn't tell you.

## HOMESICK

*from page sixteen*

at times like this when I see his face reading the closely typewritten pages of that letter. When he said goodbye he looked a lot older, something like Bud.

I remembered also how the bridge looked on a rainy cold night. The lonely shivering walk over its glistening darkness and up the hill. A radio playing and yellow light streaming out of windows and throwing golden patches on shiny black streets. How fine and warm it felt when I came in the door and sat next to the fire for a while.

Standing on the wrong side of the stadium at the half and listening to college men warm the air with songs of the alma mater. Tall glasses of beer and the dull ring of coins on a wet bar. Stretching your legs and folding your arms to listen to a really good lecture.

The easy days of spring and the sun baths in the back yard. Sitting on the warm concrete steps and lighting a cigarette.

From freshman to sophomore, from junior to senior. And then . . . . It'll be fun going back next fall. . . .



**DISC DATA**

from page seventeen

carry the melody an octave apart and the alto sax, with the other two tenors, fill in the harmony. That is what gives the distinctive melodic prettiness. Along with this unusual style the band has, and uses, three fine soloists—Miller, Tex Benecke on sax, and Clyde Hurley on a trumpet that drives with power.

Their chief fault is paradoxical. They're too perfect for their own good. Glenn's arranging is so intricate and precise that it tends to be, without being, overarranged and almost becomes absolutely mechanical when playing at break-neck tempos. You sense what is coming next but your rhythm refuses to function, even though you realize the number is well played and scored. There's nothing to do but stop being so good and let down the hair a little. For well played examples listen to: *Blue Orchid*; *Baby Me. Ding Dong*; *The Witch is Dead*; *Over The Rainbow*, and separately: *The Man With The Mandolin*, *The Little Man Who Wasn't There*, *Pagan Love Song*. *Orchid* will become the best seller. It's a beautiful Hoagy Carmichael tune blended by Glenn with a Ray Eberle vocal. *Little Man* and *Mandolin* are novelties featuring Tex Benecke and Marion Hutton respectively. Most interesting is *Pagan* as compared to Bob Crosby's version. We take the latter for its freedom. Miller's has too many stilted figures in the riffs, but Benecke's soft impetuous solos suffice. (All Bl.)

**Briefs**

Woody Herman, riding on the crest of his *Woodchoppers Ball*, has organized a band within the band called the Woodchoppers. Their first effort, *Red River Blues*, backed by the full band's *Dallas Blues*, shows promise. Outstanding are Woody's blues vocal, Neil Reid's trombone and Hy White's guitar. *Dallas* is on the idea of *Woodchopper* and the solos are strangely similar. (D.)

Decca still has some good Basie's in their files and prove it by issuing a swell version of *Lady Be Good*. It's free swing at its best. Basie piano coming in here, there, and everywhere—yet always tastefully, plus some Choo Berry sax and finally a Lester Young closeout chorus.

page twenty-eight, please

**FRATERNITY MEETING**

from page eight

ly make the Jay-Vee team. That's what gets me. He isn't living up to what we thought he would do."

"Then he would be O. K. if he could play football?"

"As far as I'm concerned, yes."

"That's swell," Jack said. "The chapter needs another man on the football team and if Pilsudsky can do it we can love him in spite of his uncouth ways."

"Go easy," Dick told him. "We did pledge Pilsudsky as football material and he didn't produce."

"Alpha Beta wants beef, not men." Nobody laughed.

"If he's not going to join up," Andy repeated, "there are plenty of signed brothers who can use his job." Andy rubbed his hands together slowly.

"But he hasn't got the money," Jack repeated.

"Then he shouldn't be in school," Bob said and sat back as if he had solved the whole thing.

"Bob's right," Steve put in. "Pilsudsky is definitely of a lower class than the rest of us. He's not the kind of person I would want to introduce to my parents."

"We must protect our parents from this grim and sordid world," Jack said.

"Oh, you know what I mean," Steve said angrily and turned his blank dark face away.

"But there's another thing to consider," Joe put in. "If we don't pledge Pilsudsky again, we lose his house dues and we'll have to pledge somebody else to meet the budget."

"We can get another pledge," Ray said assuredly.

"Where does he get the money to pay his dues?" Andy asked.

"Some big shot in Steel gives him something every month," Jack said listlessly. "He gets along on that and what he earned in the summer in the plant."

"Can't he raise enough for the initiation fee?" Joe still wanted to know.

"Christ," Jack said, "he hardly makes out on what he's getting now."

"I don't see how we can carry him any longer if he isn't going to join." Andy said.

page twenty-two, please

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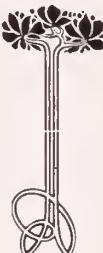
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**FRATERNITY MEETING**

from page twenty-one

"He just isn't the Apha Beta type," Rod announced. "He has crazy ideas and his desk is full of these damned communist books that he gets out of the library."

"What?" Jack wanted to know.

"Oh, some stuff by Voltaire and Dos Passos and Freud. I don't know what they were."

"Alpha Beta's must not think," Jack said. "Is that the idea?"

"Don't get sarcastic, Jack," Dick warned him. "You know what Rod means. We don't want pledges who are full of wild radical ideas about things."

There was a silence and Jack felt the rage pile up inside him. Easy, he told himself, keep your head.

"Well," Dick announced in his presiding officer tone, "I think we're pretty well agreed on this thing. If there is no further discussion on Pilsudsky, I think we can vote on the matter."

Jack stood up and got his back against the table.

"Wait a minute," he said and the sentences formed themselves in line in his head. "I think you are all pretty well agreed. All except me. You're all pretty well agreed that Pilsudsky is not the kind of man you want in Alpha Beta. He's a polack, and he washes dishes for his meals, and his clothes aren't good, and he doesn't have any money, and he isn't the kind of man you would want to introduce to your parents. And worst of all, he can't play football. If he could play football and win honor for dear old Alpha Beta, you would be as democratic as hell and forget all these other things and welcome him as a brother. But he can't play football so you are all free to be the goddamned snobs that you are and throw him out."

"Here's Pilsudsky who's been on his own since he was fifteen and made a damn good thing of himself. He has a better mind than anybody in this room and that includes our two Tau Betas with their chests caved in with belly brass. And he's the only guy in this room that has held down a job on his own merits against the competition of men. He's got the guts to try and work his way through college because he wants to learn while most of

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### LEGACY

from page eighteen

with tears in his eyes. "I want to thank you guys for the way you tried to patch it up for me," he said, "but after pulling a boner like that I guess I shouldn't be hanging around here any more."

"Look here, old man," I said, patting him on the back, "You just stick around here, but take it a little bit easy for a while. You'll get along."

The kid started to thank me and blubber but I kicked him out of the room and sat down to think about the picture of his sister that Harvey II had on his bureau.

•

### FRATERNITY MEETING

from page twenty-two

you birds are here because you were sent.

"But all you little nipple-mouthed snobs can get together in the room here and decide that Pilsudsky is not the empty-headed, chrome-plated, smooth-faced imbecile that Alpha Beta is famous for and so you don't want him and he'll lose his job here and have to get out of college.

"I'm not sorry about Pilsudsky. He'll be better off out of this place and he's got enough stuff in him to do all right whatever happens. I am sorry for myself. I'm sorry I didn't figure you guys out three years ago and save myself from dirtying my hands with you.

"After you've black-balled Pilsudsky, you'd better think about pledging two new men. You'll need one to fill my bed too."

He was not careful to shut the door softly behind him and the tension was all piled up and when he got up to his room his hands were trembling so badly that he stuck his thumb when he took off his fraternity pin.

•

### Pome

(With apologies)

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free.  
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed  
Upon a drink that's being mixed,  
A girl who doesn't like to wear  
A lot of junk to match her hair.  
Girls like this are loved by me,  
For who in the hell would kiss a tree.  
—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

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### **MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE**

from page nine

superficial recognition to other people's problems, without really concerning himself with them. Only too often he is returned an equal unconcern with his own problems and is left to fight it out alone. Even if he gets fairly chummy with a couple of students in the same house, but limits himself to that, he will be inexperienced in adapting himself to a wider acquaintance.

One rather likely outcome of the constant stifling of interest for want of turning it into action, of continued isolation from the businesses of one's fellows, is a sort of lapse into a bovine inertia, content with a shady patch of existence, unruffled by the "warstle and the care o' it." This may then lead to a monkish feeling of superiority over the bustling "activities men," pursuing trivial baubles, who neglect the higher things, the Nirvana of untroubled single interest.

None of the foregoing should imply that the man who has not become a fraternity brother, and who lives in a sleepy dormitory section or in a rooming house, is forever consigned to outer darkness and a hermit's existence. There is plenty of opportunity for a man with interest and initiative to develop many abilities and rub many shoulders on the Lehigh campus. After all, the greatest portion of a student's time is taken up with his occupation of trying to get an education of sorts, in company with other students bent on the same errand. Campus societies, varsity and intramural athletics, dramatics, journalism, debating, bull-sessions, and pub-crawling offer fairly dignified and engrossing ways of striving with other men for common ends. Whether it be settling the fate of Europe, getting out a paper, or gracefully hanging one on, they soak up most of the rest of the time not taken up in eating, sleeping and working. With the major part of his time taken up with cooperative activities, the student has considerable opportunity to mingle with his fellows on cordial terms.

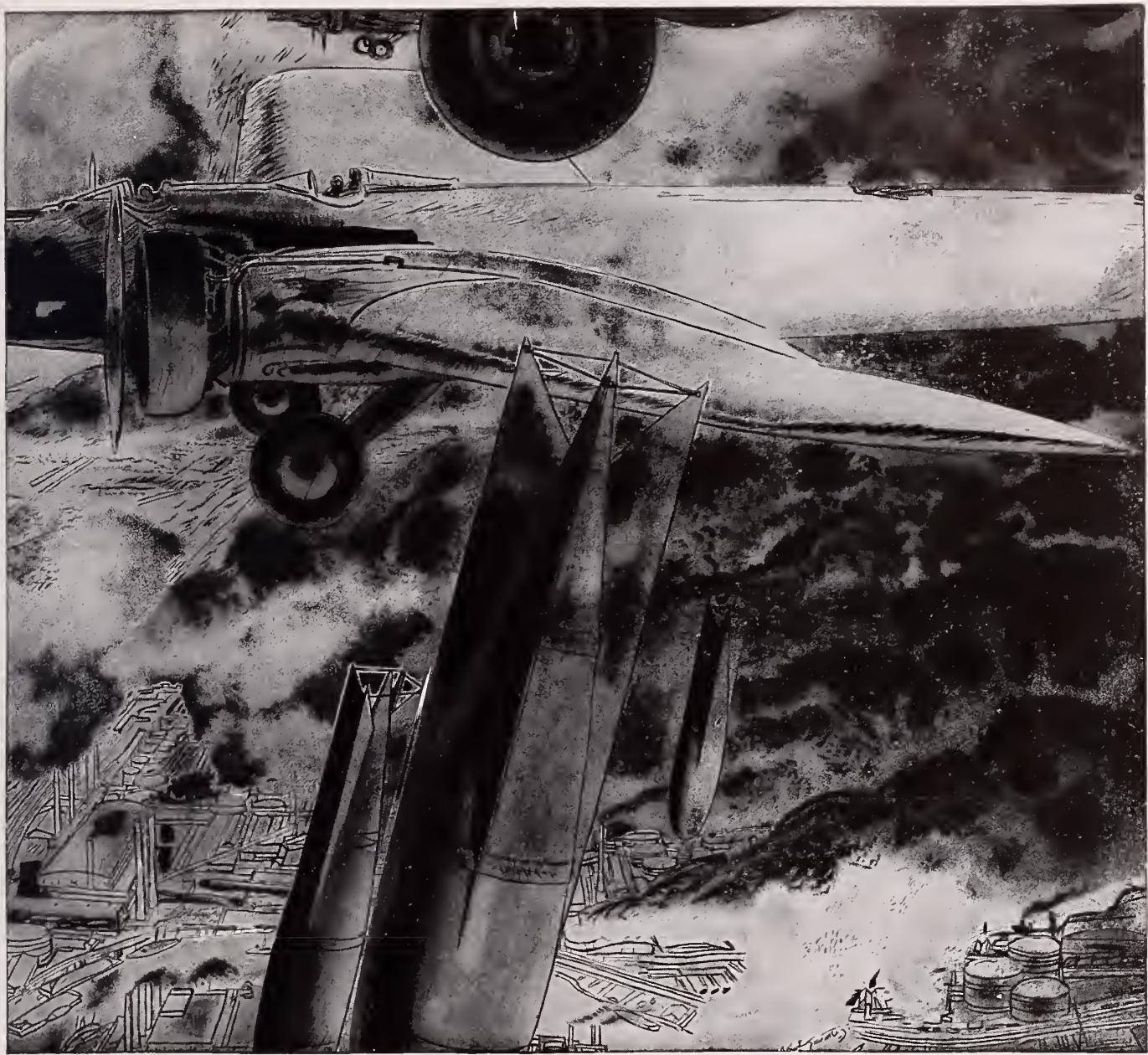
Undeniably, the fraternity man has more incentive and opportunity to get together formally and informally with other students, and even to get some of the more important campus offices, than the non-fraternity man. The

dormitory man, in turn, usually has better chances for them than the town group man. In the fraternity there is plenty of urging and persuasion to enter the new recruit in campus activities. A good political backing awaits him if he aspires to office. Even the palest of interest may blossom, with participation, into real enthusiasm for an activity; with the fraternity man, this incipient interest gets ready persuasion and opportunity to make itself felt, for the activity is practically shoved under the brother's nose.

Both the fraternities and dormitories, for example, have already-organized intramural athletic set-ups into which new men may easily step. Until last year's organization of a somewhat similar system for the town group men, a town group boy with a mild interest in some sport, which under favorable circumstances would have been converted into many hours of real enjoyment, would ordinarily not exercise the uncommon initiative required of him to organize a team of like-minded boys, or to hunt up partners, and his interest would die for lack of nourishment. General announcements that he was invited to enter certain activities would make little or no impression on him. No one tried to discover why he didn't come around.

This problem has long been recognized and some steps have been taken by those interested in campus activities to persuade students to take advantage of the opportunities offered them to participate. One of the most encouraging moves in this direction has been the organization of the Town Council, in order to foster participation of the town group students in campus life. This organization consists of a council composed of the presidents of the several sections into which the town group has been divided. The sections have been divided geographically. Each section has a complete organization of its own, electing a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and athletic director. Furthermore, the President of the Town Council each year appoints several members to important committees, among which are a committee for the promotion of extra-curricular activities and a committee for intramural athletics. This organization will be

page twenty-seven, please



## DOOMSDAY

● **W**HAT if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

*All* of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Incendiary bombs have been invented, bombs so small that one plane can carry 2,000 of them, bombs so dangerous that five or ten will set an entire city on fire.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "defenses" will be pitifully futile.

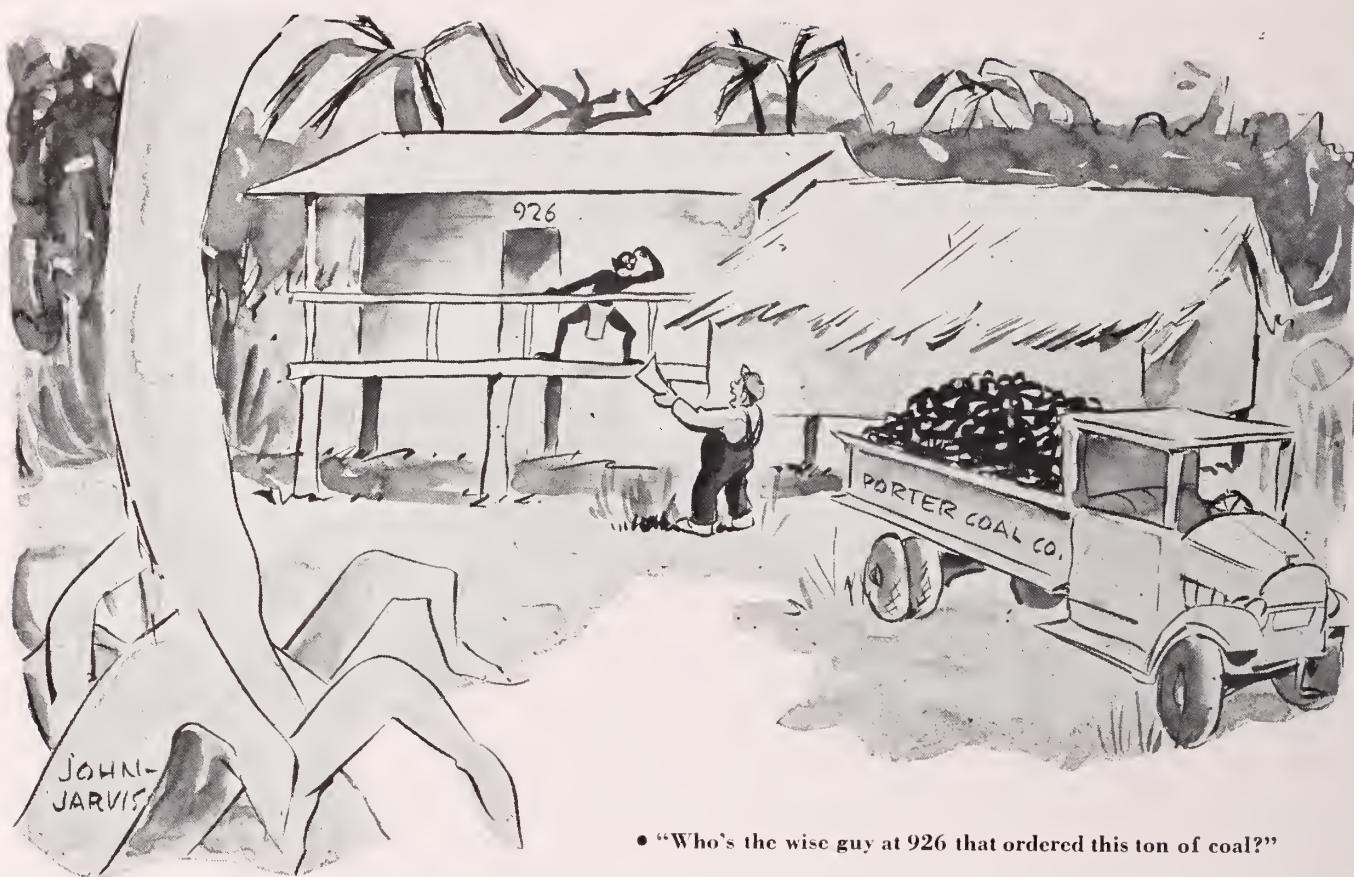
Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—all of us.

### **What to do about it**

Hysterical protests won't avert another war. Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and

intelligence, properly organized and applied.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, millions of Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



### Experience Helps

He shifted gears and turned to his charming girl companion, "The car's running a little badly tonight —"

She raised one eyebrow and cynically replied, "Ye-es! A cylinder is going to miss and in a few seconds we're going to have to stop by the bend in the river up yonder, and no, I haven't any objection to just one little kiss occasionally, but not from you, and no I'm not interested in taking a drink from the bottle you carry around just in case of emergency — emergencies like this — and yes I'm sometimes a prude, and no I don't love you just a wee wee bit, and yes I know my eyes are attractive and I realize you don't say this to everybody — However, I will take one little drink and let you park for just a few minutes."

**Teacher:** Now, Johnny, if you put your hand in one pocket and pulled out 75 cents, then put your other hand in the other pocket and pulled out 75 cents, what would you have?

**Johnny:** Somebody else's pants.

A campus cop observed an upper-classman rolling over the grounds laughing. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh," answered the hilarious student, "I'm just practicing for my prof's first joke."

"Drinking's your trouble and you'll have to stop," insisted the doctor.

"But what shall I tell my wife is the matter with me?"

"Oh, tell her I say you are suffering from syncopation. That will satisfy her."

The wife was mystified, however, and looked up the word in the dictionary. Then she understood for she found it meant an irregular movement from bar to bar!

They were sitting on the sofa one evening, with the usual half-hour intervals between remarks.

"Isn't it funny," she said, "that the length of a man's arm is the same as the circumference of a girl's waist?"

"Is that so?" said he, mildly interested. "What do you say if we get a piece of string and see if it's right?"

### In The World Of Tomorrow

An American heiress married a wealthy young American.

In Hollywood, the private lives of the film stars were held to be none of any one else's business but their own.

Two motorists held up a hitch hiker and took his money and clothes.

The entire nation refused to patronize a picture that had been called "immoral" by the Decency League.

An entire graduating class was placed immediately into positions that suited the dignity of a college diploma.

A big manufacturer admitted he made a gigantic profit last year.

Civil contracts were awarded only to companies whose officers were not affiliated with city officials.

The World of Tomorrow will always be tomorrow.

The explorer was relating his experiences for the press. "We ate our rubber boots," he said.

"Provisions ran out, eh?"

"No, but I think it might add interest to our report."

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**MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE**  
from page twenty-four

able to encourage and sustain a considerable participation of the town group men in a part of college life that they might otherwise pass by. If last year's experience is any indication, a large scale athletic program should be carried out, including intramural touch football, basketball, wrestling, tennis and softball. The organization will attempt, probably successfully, to promote a few dances. It will search out men with talent, ability, and experience in journalism, debating, dramatics, writing, etc., actively urging them to take part in these activities.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that mere participation in many activities will assure a well-rounded college life. Many men are able to get more out of a few well-chosen activities than others do out of the whole gamut. For the non-fraternity man, it is important to make the most of what opportunities present themselves or can be created, in order to get for himself as many as possible of the advantages of fraternity life. The disadvantages of fraternity life need concern him but little; he escapes them.

The boy who has failed to make a fraternity, then, need not feel left out, nor be left out of things. He can remedy his remediable personality defects, take full part in college life, make the friends and acquaintances he chooses; he may even get more out of college, untrammeled by fraternity limitations, than he would in one of the brotherhoods.



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**DISC DATA**

from page twenty-one

Cab Calloway has a sure hit in *Jumpin' Jive* (Vo.). It's full of the best devil of the Hi-De-Ho man plus good swing by Berry and Cosy Cole. Teddy Wilson's new band has rounded out nicely as shown by *Jumpin' For Joy: The Man I Love* (Br.). Teddy has fitted his style into that of a full band and the saxes have a subtle kick. The boys do not blast but at all times assume a loose, quiet rhythm. Contrast his *Man* with Artie Shaw's blasting version of the same number.

Tommy Dorsey keeps at par with *Let's Disappear; La Rosita. Night In Sudan; Tea For Two.* (V.) Former is good Dorsey sweet while latter is pretty and then delicate. Tommy has his fan following and he's giving them as much of the same dish as they can stand.

Look for Bob Zurke's new band with *It's Me Again; Southern Exposure. Each Time You Say Goodbye; Hobson Street Blues.* (V.) Two sweet and two swing sides. We'd like you to pass judgment on this one—we think he's a comer.

Jimmy Dorsey left the pops to record two jive numbers, *The Jumpin' Jive; Shoot The Meat Balls, Dominick.* (D.) After the long lay off Jimmy seems to have lost his touch. His solos are rather un-inspired. Good arrangement, a la Lunceford, saves *Dominick*, while Helen O'Connell's vocal does same for *Jive*. Gene Krupa slows up his tempo convincingly with *Moonlight Serenade; You and Your Lover. Challenger Chop; Don't Be Surprised.* *Surprised* is a Alec Templeton composition lightly and lively done—though Donahue's sax is sorely missed at the solo spots. Gene's trying to live down his killer-diller reputation and is meeting with only fair success as the band has lost its touch by cutting down suddenly. *Chop* is an example of swing that doesn't give. Ella Fitzgerald heads the much improved band of the late Chick Webb in two sure-fire novelty hits, *The Waiter With The Water; That's All Brother.* Both feature Ella's *Cheat Cheat* vocals supported by Williams' sax and a superb piano. (D.) If you like loose negro swing with not too much finesse, we recommend Floyd Ray's *Jammin' The Blues* (D.). It combines everything you'd want and dislike.

**From the Gryphon of the University of Leeds, England****What We Dislike About Men**

They are completely selfish, and at the same time hypersensitive to self-indulgence in women.

They combine brutality of appetite with sentimental glorification of it under the name of Love.

They leave wet towels crumpled up in bathrooms.

They cannot understand why women delight in telling each other about their operations and confinements (probably they never had any themselves).

They objectify their own emotions into an insistent belief that woman is tempting them.

They exhibit an inherent reluctance to do anything which will single them out from the herd.

They elect certain of their number to worship as gods, and at the whim of these allow themselves to be killed, blinded, or mutilated.

They combine an intense pre-occupation with the future of mankind, with studious disregard for its present.

They mask their inefficiency in little things by assuming that they are concerned only with the larger things of life. They hitch their wagon to a star and omit to release the brake.

They persist in a belief that cigarette ash is good for carpets, and that their own watch is always right.

They effect to dislike cosmetics only because they do not notice the women who dispense with them.

They are conceited, and know it, and take no steps to remedy it.

Their outbursts of chivalry invariably synchronise with their becoming aware of the presence of a young and attractive woman.

They are unable to cope with

- (a) their own ties.
- (b) old razor blades.
- (c) a trayful of crockery.
- (d) bandages.
- (e) weeds (in gardens).
- (f) collar-studs.
- (g) Income-tax forms.
- (h) babies.

They are a glorious company of martyrs!

B.E.K.C.  
L.E.C.

**What We Like About Women**

- (1) They kiss better than men.
- (2) They are nicer to hold than men.
- (3) They smell sweetly.
- (4) They are decorative.
- (5) They flatter men.
- (6) They satisfy some instincts.
- (7) They make good dancing partners.

**What We Dislike About Women**

- (1) On being taken out they often offer to pay for themselves but invariably forget to.
- (2) They are frequently under-developed.
- (3) They cannot smoke cigarettes without chewing them.
- (4) They come late to lectures.
- (5) They are not very funny.
- (6) They think the Staff are "sweet."
- (7) They pretend they are asexual and moral.
- (8) They sit in the J.C.R. with their frocks above their knees.
- (9) They cannot whistle.
- (10) They are usually illiterate.
- (11) They lead men on, but not far enough.
- (12) Their clothing is suggestive but not revealing.

C.K.Y.  
M.H.S.

**Johnny One-Note**

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's d-d-darned hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

—*Maryland Old Line.*

*She:* Didn't you feel a strange sensation the first time you kissed a girl?

*He:* Naw, she wasn't strange and she wasn't a sensation.

—*N.Y.U. Medley.*

*1st:* Say I've seen you around an awful lot.

*2nd:* You mean Lower Alumni Field?

—*Cornell Widow.*



# CAN YOU PASS THIS QUIZ ON LAUNDRY?

We hate to talk about quizzes but unless you can pass this quiz, you can't "do right" by all those new shirts and socks.

1. What should the average weekly laundry cost?  
(a) \$2.00.  
(b) \$1.00.  
(c) As much as the laundry can get.

2. How prompt should the service be?  
(a) Every four days.  
(b) 48 hour service.  
(c) When the laundry pulls itself together.

4. What should you do to get complete laundry service?  
(a) Phone 36  
(b) See Schedule

What makes up the average weekly laundry?  
10 handkerchiefs  
5 shirts  
2 pair socks  
2 suits underwear  
2 bath towels  
1 pair pajamas  
Wool socks extra

3. The mending service included with the regular fee should include what?  
(a) Socks darned—buttons replaced.  
(b) Nothing if the laundry can get away with it.  
(c) A button here or there.  
(d) Collars turned.

The correct answers are:  
1: (b); 2: (b); 3: (a),  
(d); 4: (a), (b).

These correct answers illustrate only a few of the

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